thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Diſcretion, in the which better part, I haue ſaued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder *Percie*, though he be dead: how if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? by my fayth, I am afraide he would proue the better counterfeit? therefore Ile make him ſure; yea, and Ile ſweare I kilde him. Why may not he riſe as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotſpur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come Brother *Iohn*, full brauely haſt thou fleſht
Thy mayden Sword.

Iohn. But ſoft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this fatt man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathles, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantaſie that playes vpon our eye-ſight?
I-prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou ſeemſt.

Fal. No, thats certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falſtalffe*, then am I a Iacke: there is *Percy*; if your Father will doe me any honour, ſo: if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himſelfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

Prin. Why *Percy* I kild my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewesbury* clocke, if I may be beleeued, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour, beare the ſinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliue, & would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a peece of my Sword.

Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *Iohn*,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For